
Title: *A sealed letter*

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Dearest Gailan:

I am sorry I did not
stay to say goodbye
before heading on this
trip. It seemed Tara
thought it for the
best that I not be too
near Gromph for the
time being. I miss
home but I am
delighted with the
opportunity. In truth
Britain is a lot more
fun when one isn't a
poor girl. I have been
attending conserts and
plays and met a
charming young man
named Leighton, he's
an actor at The
King's Men Theater.
He took me to Minoc
last week to hear the
gypsies sing. I must
look into our own
Ne'Sveti when I
come home the gypsy
music is unlike any
other I have heard.
Onto the reason for
which I actually came
to Britain, no it
hasn't been all play.
Grand Master Ivan
is quite amazing,
He seems to
think I have potential
although he did say
that my lyricism is
a little sentimental
and I should discipline
my rythm more. He
aranged for
me to sit for my
Journeyman's papers
so I am finally
offically recognised as

a Bardic Master.
Frighteningly
he's encouraging me to
teach a class as I
will require at least
20 hours of teaching
time to get the
classification of
Grand Master
assuming I complete
my studies
and pass all the
relevant exams. So
little Yelena shall
actually be teaching a
troup of young
apprentice bards the
basics of playing the
harp. I have a
feeling they and I
will have great need
of compassion before it
is all done. Since
Tara feels that my
studies have been
overly focussed on the
arts and I am not
sufficiently politically
aware I have been
trying to broden my
horizons. I have
taken to reading books
of philosophy and even
attended a lecture on
magery at The
Sorcerer's Delight. I
find mainland politics
however to be
mindnumbingly dull.
I attended another
meeting of the Britain
town council and sat
listening to them
debate the menutia of
the running of the
city. I am hoping
perhaps to attend a
gathering of the
Regency to learn
something of their
politics but I don't
hold up much hope of
my being welcome
given my well known
association with Tara
and Caina. I cannot
help but think I could
learn more of matters

political curled up
over hot wine in
Morn Cirith with
Lord de L'enfant but
the purpose of this
journey was more
about keeping me out
of Caina then to
expand my education.
Oh tell me everything
of home, I wish I
could smell the snow.
If I close my eyes I
can almost hear the
winds rushing past
Golgotha as you stand
on the roof. I miss
Caina and all of you
desperately. Has
Tara come home yet.
I promised I would
make the trip to
Caina when she came
home from her latest
diplomatic mission and
I admit I long for it.
Perhaps I shall make
an attempt to attend
the upcoming mass I
don't know that I
believe the teachings
of Oblivion but it
shall bring something
of the comfort of
home and I should
rather enjoy to hear
Bal-Anon Dak's
chantings on a dark
snowy night with only
my cloak to keep me
warm. Please don't
tell Tara as it will
only make her angry
but I spoke to
Gromph recently. He
came to the
Conservatory and we
spoke at some length.
I fear though that
the conversation didn't
get us anywhere. He
doesn't really
understand why I am
still mortal. And as
I really cannot
justify it to myself I
cannot explain it to
his satisfaction.

Perhaps I should
simply give up my
mortality to keep
peace in the family I
do not wish to hurt
him or Tara, and I
fear I am causing far
more trouble than I
am worth. Please
don't be angry with
me Gailan for my
cowardly flight to
Britain or my causing
strife between Tara
and Gromph. I love
you all and wish
there were some easy
way I could mend all
of this. I suppose
ultimately only one
thing will repair it
all but I am still not
entirely ready for
that step. Write to
me Gailan please for
all the amusements of
the city I am
homesick and lonely.
I shall send you some
of the music for my
latest composition in a
week or two after I
have finished it.

Affectionately yours,
Lena